MARVEL
PSR 44

AUSTEN

CALAFIORE

McKENNA

EXILES®

A BLINK IN TIME 2OF3

Good morning.

ASSAULT NYC

CBN

Our lead story tonight, the same as for the past 25 days--

--the mysterious man known as Hyperion and his super-powered allies from Weapon X continue to lay siege to New York City.

CBN

Now, be warned--the footage we are about to air may be too graphic for some viewers.

Ever since Weapon X mysteriously appeared in Times Square and faced off against the Fantastic Five--

ASSAULT NYC

--quickly followed by the **Avengers**--

--it has been obvious that this is a threat unlike any **ever faced** on this planet.

Hyperion has proven to be a virtual **one-man army** capable of annihilating our most powerful and revered heroes.

And now, only a short time ago, he has made his most **frightening announcement** to date.

If President Osborne does not grant control of the **United States** to me by this time tomorrow morning--

--I will **destroy Manhattan.**

These past few weeks Hyperion has turned Manhattan into his own private **kingdom**, allowing no one **in** or **out** of the city.

Initial reports are that he'll begin killing a **hundred people** every hour until his demands are met at 3 PM today.

The **President**, meanwhile, is in a secluded, underground meeting with several other heads of state--

--begging them all for **patience** while the United States attempts to deal with this problem internally.

But it looks as though it's only a matter of time before these countries--our tentative **allies**--may deem it necessary to send in the likes of the **Invaders**--

--the **Republican Guard**--

--or perhaps even resort to **nuclear** measures to stop this global threat.

In times like these, with the nation's super-powered resources **destroyed**, we ask ourselves, as a nation, only **one question**--

--who will save us from this madman?

Not me! I won't do it!

AN ABANDONED MANHATTAN APARTMENT...

I don't care what's going on. I won't do what the Tallus says!

I'm done killing.

You're about a day late on that one, aren't ya, Calvin?

Illyana, please. Give it a rest, would you?

Look. Morph--

--every-one--

--I'm sorry about what happened to Sunfire...I never meant for her to die.

I know that doesn't make it right--

--and I know we have to do something about Hyperion, but there has to be another way, besides killing.

I agree.

You made a mistake, Mimic.

Don't do it again, or I'll take you down myself.

Now, explain exactly what the Tallus is telling you and Gambit, Blink.

Well, Gambit's Tallus and my Tallus are saying the *same thing*...

...that the Timebroker feels having *two teams* of reality-fixers is a *mistake*.

But how can the Timebroker feel *anything*? Isn't he supposed to be a construct of our *collective unconscious*?

Well, maybe our collective unconscious realizes we're all *messing things up* royally.

You mean we're doing this to *ourselves*? I don't buy that.

I feel like we've messed up a *couple* of times...but I never wanted to *kill* myself over it.

Or anyone *else* here, for that matter.

Well, whatever it is...

...it's pretty adamant that it wants us to *pare down* the two teams to just *six* members.

Maybe it has something to do with the fact that my Weapon X team has gone *psychotic* since the arrival of Hyperion.

Regardless, the Tallus is pretty clear that the only way we can accomplish our mission is to *kill off* each other.

But whether or not they're *our* Exiles or *your* Weapon X members doesn't seem to matter.

Six of us have to die if we want to move on...and there's *seven* of us in this room, as it is.

Well, that's cheery.

MEANWHILE...

Spider.

Have you found either *the Exiles* or that traitor *Gambit* yet?

Nope. Nada.

But they're here somewhere, Hyperion. I can *feel* it with my *spider-sense*.

We need to find them.

Who knows what the Timebroker is planning against me.

Against *us*.

Any word from the *President?*

No, none.

Well, it's got to be *tough* to hand over the United States to someone you don't even really *know.*

=Sniff=

They grow up so fast...

Find the Exiles, Spider. I'm heading back to Times Square.

I'm obviously going to have to *prove* that my threats are *serious.*

Meet me there in one hour.

We'll begin the *executions* then.

No problem. I'll just be hanging out here.

Looking for the Exiles.

In the cold.

While you go sit on your fat *throne* in Times Square.

So we go save the people trapped in the city from execution and *then* what?

Eventually we have to do what the *Tallus* says, right, Morph?

Or we don't get to *go home*, right?

We could take out Mimic and Gambit, and then--

Illyana, are you *listening* to yourself?

I know you want to get home but we're not killing *anyone!*

Not *friends*, not *enemies!*

But I would have thought *you* would want Mimic *dead* after what happened to Sunfire-- and we don't even *know* Gambit.

I'd say kill them *all* but you seem so attached to--

That's enough!

Just stick to the *plan*, all right?

We'll save the people, Nocturne will possess Hyperion and then we'll figure a way *out* of this reality.

We're *heroes*, Illyana.

No killing.

She's a little *nuts*, huh?

Ah, she just wants to go home.

None of us ever really reached out to her.

Maybe I should switch groups and go with *her* team?

Morph... Nocturne's been telling me a little bit about Illyana and some of the... *things* she's done on missions.

Killing Morlocks. Maybe even killing the *Avengers?*

She's a *wild card.* Are you sure you can *trust--*

She hasn't killed any of *us* yet, has she?

Yet?

Mimic feels *horrible,* Morph. You know that it was the *Brood* inside of him that--

Let's just get the *plan* started, Blinkie.

Excuse me, you two.

Morph, I'm sorry. I don't want you *angry* at me, I just think we have to do what the Tallus is--

I *know,* Illyana. I know you want to go home. We *all* do.

Just *trust me* on this one.

Take care out there, Illyana. And listen to what Nocturne says.

Stick to the plan, okay?

I will.

Hey, leave some of Hyperion for *me*, guys. I want to bust that guy *bad*.

Be careful, everyone.

Just make sure you wait until he's *down*, Nocturne. Then come running.

You sure you're up for this, Gambit?

You can hang back, if you--

No way. Hyperion blasted my *arm* off.

I want to get in a few shots of my *own*...

...even though he'll never *feel* them.

TIMES SQUARE...

What should we do, Fred? We can't stay here...

I know, honey, but you *saw* what they did to the bridges...

...and they threatened to tear down all the buildings if people didn't come out voluntarily.

HSBC

The President will figure it out. He won't leave us all here just to--

--you know, just to -

I love you both. So much.

Come closer, so we can all stay warm.

PEOPLE OF NEW YORK!

It seems your President is *stalling*...

...perhaps assuming I will not *honor* my word.

So as a measure of good faith, I will release *some* of you

What's up with that? We're letting them *go*?

Ms. Marvel, say it ain't *so*.

We will choose *one hundred* of you to be freed...

OOOOOhhhhh... I get it

Cool beans. That's why we *love* him!

YO! Wake *up* my fellow Weapon X-ers!

Spider . you've *got* to stop this insanity.

He's *crazy.* If Hyperion keeps messing with realities and ignoring the Timebroker we're never going to get home and everything's going to *fall apart.*

Really? *Wooooow* That sounds *bad,* Firestar

Uhhhhh..

Well *said,* Mr Hulk.

I'm surprised you can say *anything* after that beating Hyperion gave you.

How *does* it feel to eat your own arm?

We're supposed to *fix* these timelines, not *ruin* them, Spider.

Sounds like *loser* talk to me

Loser, loser!

THE LION

This is crazy. We should kill *Gambit* and

Shut up, Illyana We stick to the plan.

Change back to normal, Sasquatch. Someone's going to see you like that.

That's right.

Come forward and *live...*

Nocturne. he's rounding them up...

we have to *stop* this *Now.*

We will, Sasquatch. *We will.*

Right after the first group nails him, we'll move in and I'll *possess* him.

You make that sound so *easy*, TJ

It *is* easy. Once I'm inside him, he's completely under my control.

But he's an *alien*. What if your possession powers *don't work* on an alien?

We have to do what the *Tallus* says

It's *going* to work, Heather, don't worry. Don't be such a nervous Nellie--

Six of us will move on. .

TJ, look out!

AND I WILL BE ONE!

AAAAAAH!

Illyana, you're insane!

SHZZZAP

I'm not insane, TJ

I'm more attuned to the reality of the situation than any of you

This is life and death--

--and I'm going to live!

Finally. An *Exile* I presume? Come to *save* the meaningless people?

Where are the *rest* of you cowards?

What is the Timebroker's *master plan?*

I'm not here to *fight* you, Hyperion--

Wait, what's Illyana *doing?*

Where's Sasquatch and Nocturne?

I thought *we* were supposed to hit him first?

We were.

Then we're going to have to change our plan *real quick.*

NO, Illyana

I've come to *join* you, Hyperion

And what makes you think I *need* you?

Because I know what the *mission* is.

The Tallus says that in order to *move on* to the next reality there can only be *six* of us left, Weapon X or Exiles... makes *no difference.*

We move on when the others are *dead*

I'm TIRED of these games!

Gambit played games with me and I CRIPPLED him for it!

Why should I do LESS with you?

Because I *know* where he is.

I know where they *all* are.

If we kill them, we can all *go home.*

Home? You think the Timebroker will send you home?

My dear girl, are you deluded or simply mad?

He...he promised me...he promised me we would go home if we just did what he said, and he said

What's he doing? What's she doing?

Why did she do this? I thought she was changing...

There's nothing we can do about it now, Morph. We'll have to continue the plan without her.

Blink, do you think you and Gambit should teleport over to Nocturne and Sasquatch to see if they're okay?

Keep your fingers crossed.

I want to go home.

Please... I just want to go home.

If the Timebroker is really waiting for us to kill each other off, then he won't replace the dead and send anyone else in to kill me, is that right?

Yes. That's what I've been trying to tell you!

Then let's test your little theory now, shall we?

HRRK!

Nooo!
Oh, no...
Morph, hold up--
--we need a plan! We can't go in half--
Mimic-- let go of me.
I'm taking this guy down--
--with or without your help!
Are you with me?

Hmm. No one's *teleporting in.* The Timebroker is sending no new Exiles...

...she was telling the *truth.*

So we'll find the rest of the Exiles, *kill* the ones we want and then move on. Perhaps to an Earth more *eager* to bend to my will.

But if only *six* of us move on--

--that makes you both *expendable,* as long as seven live.

FWAAASSSSSHHHH

AAAAAAHH!!

You're first, Hulk.

I'm not going to just sit here and die too, Hyperion!

Especially since it's obvious you're going to KILL these people whether I stay your captive or NOT--!

Oh goody!

I've been waiting to get my hands on you, hot stuff!

Spider, wait!

Come ON, Spider! You and Hyperion both-- feel the HEAT!

Oh man. Spider-senses--

KBOOOOOM!

YEEEAAAAAH!

Two more down, and *still* no replacements.

It appears that means...if an additional *two* die, the Timebroker sends us on and we get to *start again*.

Like starting over again at the beginning of a computer game.

Oh, well. I suppose it *could* be fun.

NO ONE ELSE DIES HERE TODAY BUT YOU, HYPERION!

So much for the element of surprise, Morph.

Ah. Two more Exiles, I presume? Expecting to fight to the death?

Looks like I'm going to the next world, after all...

TO BE CONCLUDED...